THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

An Inquiry into the Effects of our Foreign Carrying Trade upon the Agriculture, Population, and Morals of the Country, by Columella, pp. 61. *New-York: printed by* D. *and* G. Bruce *for* E. Sargeant, *No.* 39, *Wall-street, opposite the Branch Bank.* 1806.

Every man who lives and trades under the protection of a community, is obliged to consider whether he hurts or benefits those who protect him; and the most which can be indulged to private interest is a neutral traffick, if any such can be, by which our country is not injured, though it may not be benefited. JOHNSON.

THE substantial is so often distinct from the specious, that whoever applies to the latter the touchstone of analysis is entitled to our thanks: his own conclusions may be wrong, but he put us in the way for the right.

In nothing, more than in questions of political interests, have we need of this investigation; and still higher is its degree of value when commerce is connected with those questions. Ill-judged national contests, in the opinion of the writer before us, 'commonly arise from one or more of the following mental infirmities; *misapprehension*, *passion*, or a *false sense of honour*:' all this is applicable to politics in their simplest form; but, when commerce is concerned, we must add, the cravings of avarice, the *appearance* of gain, and the clamours of a junto of interested individuals; a multitude, if we listen to their tongues; a handful, if we estimate their importance.

It is the object of the *Inquiry* to ascertain the value, as it respects the nation at large, of that *foreign carrying trade*, in defence of which a party would plunge the country into hostilities with Great Britain. For his own part, he is of opinion, 'that Great Britain is very willing to let us enjoy unmolested more of this trade, than is beneficial to us.' p. 60.

The author of the present pamphlet, though he do not conceal an opinion favourable, if not to the rights, at least to the interests, of Great Britain, enters into no discussion of this nature. His inquiry is into the *interests* of the United States; and, with this view, he analyses the *effects of our foreign carrying trade* upon the *agriculture*, *population* and *morals* of the country, previously assuming, what he is justly entitled to, that these are the three bases of public prosperity.

'By our foreign carrying trade, is understood, in the following pages, all that portion of our commerce in which our shipping is employed to transport the produce of one foreign country to another; whether the cargoes of this produce be acquired by our own or a borrowed capital, or whether our vessels be merely hired out as carriers to others. In other words, all that portion of our tonnage which depends for employment upon the surplus produce of other countries, without affording any vent to our own, is prosecuting what is here meant by the foreign carrying trade.' p. 4.

A broad line of distinction is to be drawn between this branch of commerce and that which consists in the export and import trade; and the jet

of the argument is this, that, 1, the foreign carrying trade has all the bad qualities of commerce in general, without returning the ordinary benefits; and, 2, that it has evils, and those of considerable magnitude, peculiar to itself. These positions we are of opinion that the author has established, in an extent sufficient for his purpose.

Among a people, like that of the United States, limited in its numbers, and almost unlimited in fertile territory, nothing can be more certain, than that its primary interests are agricultural. With such a people, commerce has no motive, except the passion for luxury, or at least the acquisition of articles not absolutely indispensable.

It is equally certain, that, by such a people, a commercial marine must be maintained and navigated only by the hands which might be employed in agriculture; that is, in the furtherance of its primary interests.

On the other hand, this commercial marine is itself subservient to agriculture, inasmuch, first, as it transports the produce of the fields to the best market, and consequently raises it to its highest value, &c. secondly, as, by detaining the amount of the costs of ship-building, seamen's wages, &c. within the nation itself, it adds, to the common capital, what would otherwise be paid into foreign hands, and one portion of which capital is immediately employed in agricultural improvements, a second *mediately*, as devoted to the extension of commerce, and a third still *mediately*, as given to luxury, or increased expense of living, from which (for here we differ essentially from the author of the Inquiry) agriculture receives advantages, real, though more or less remote.

But, the *foreign* carrying trade is not entitled to arrogate to itself the whole of this favourable character. It strikes at the interests of agriculture, which have been admitted to be the primary interests of the nation, by drawing off hands and capital to the creation and exercise of a commercial marine which is proper to itself, that is, which is created and maintained for the foreign carrying trade alone. Now, what is the return, what is the compensation made to agriculture; that is, to the primary interests of the nation? Does it multiply or select markets for the produce of the country? This it obviously does not; but, it gives employment to a number of hands, and brings a sum, greater or less, into the coffers of those concerned, and therefore into the coffer of the public, and which, *immediately*, or *mediately*, is added to the agricultural capital.

It appears then, that the *foreign* carrying trade contributes something to to the national wealth, but that it is questionable whether it do not take more away. As to the employment it gives to individual industry, this is not to be reckoned as an advantage, since, the employment not being wanted, because industry has elsewhere a more useful object, the nation is not served, but rather diverted from its truer interests.

This is a strong consideration, and one which may reasonably cool our zeal in behalf of a trade for the support of which it is attempted to induce us to enter into hostilities prejudicial to us as soon as commenced, and of a nature to prove our ruin. What the author of the Inquiry advances, on the national inutility of the wealth acquired by this trade, and on the injuries sustained from it by morals, is founded on views not sufficiently comprehensive, and such as end only in decrying civilization in general. The same may be said of the argument 'that the trade in question affords but little revenue to the government.' If it increase the agricultural and commercial capital, it adds proportionably to the revenue of the government. It increases the amount of the exports and imports.

Various other reflections are offered in the course of the Inquiry, and, with the exceptions we have made, they abound, as we conceive, in good sense and information. When the author errs, it is through too close an adherence to the system of Adam Smith.

This pamphlet, as we have said, is seasonable, and it fully deserves attention. We had rather hear of *men of influence* than of *influential men*, and the

Scotch use of *will* and *would* is a solecism for which there is no defence; but the Inquiry is the production of an able pen. We cannot lay it aside, without extracting two passages, by which we are more particularly struck.

I. It is not on agriculture alone that the *foreign* carrying trade may exercise a malignant influence. It may injure our own carrying trade:

'The agricultural interest of our country is thus immediately affected by the number of mercantile adventurers which the extension of our trade allures from all parts of the country to the sea-port towns; and by the number of labourers which it employs in mechanical operations connected with the shipping; most of them would otherwise naturally and necessarily have devoted themselves to agriculture. And it admits of a question whether this evil be not likewise attendant upon our carrying trade. Does the great foreign call for our tonnage leave a sufficiency for our natural commerce? Phocion says it does not, that the produce of our country is left rotting in our stores while our merchants are employing their vessels in the service of foreigners. It may also be demanded, whether, while we hire out our flag in the service of others, to carry on a trade depending upon the fluctuating state of European politics, we are not opening a door for the admission of foreigners into that department of our commerce which is of the most permanent benefit to the society.' p. 16.

II. It may even advance the prices of foreign commodities among ourselves, by encouraging foreign manufactures and produce. The arguments on this head are such as should also be recommended to those, who think Great Britain blind to her real interests, when she desires to deprive America of a trade which, say they, enriches us, and therefore enables us to extend our traffick with herself:—the answer is, that it enriches her enemies still more.

'It is generally asserted that a manifest advantage to our country results from one part of what is here included under the name carrying trade. The war which rages among the European powers has choaked many of the channels through which their various productions were wont to find vent —they are consequently glad to discover any new channels through which to pour with advantage the products of their industry. On account of the commercial privileges which our neutral flag affords us, there are great quantities of European goods imported into this country, and re-shipped by our merchants for the colonial markets. Thus, it is said, our sea-port towns become emporiums for the different productions of the globe. Every American merchant who purchases, or obtains credit for, a cargo of European manufactures endeavours to dispose of as great a part as possible at home, and what he cannot sell for a sufficient profit at home he sends to the colonial markets. He is equally desirous of selling in his own country the return cargo of colonial produce; and he willingly accepts a profit somewhat lower at home for his commodities than he might obtain in the foreign market, because he is thus relieved from the risque and trouble of exportation. In consequence of this system, it is said, we have our markets stocked with the productions of Europe and of the American colonies; we enjoy the first choice of the greater part of the conveniencies and luxuries of life, which are wafted across the Atlantic; and we procure them at a cheaper rate than any other purchasers. That we enjoy these advantages beyond any other nation, is probably true. But the just method of estimating the advantages and disadvantages of this trade is, not merely to take into consideration our present condition compared with what it was before an opening was made for this trade, but to compare this present condition with what it would have been, had we never engaged in the carrying trade.

'It is manifest, that, while the European productions which are sent to this country for the purpose of being re-exported, and the colonial produce which our vessels bring in return for them, have an unrestrained entrance, by means of our flag, into markets otherwise prohibited, the price in our ports will be regulated by the price which they can command abroad. If the markets for those productions were more confined, the European venders would be obliged to dispose of their merchandize, and the colonists of their produce, at a lower rate than they do at present; consequently, if our vessels did not afford this extensive sale to the European manufactures and to the colonial produce, which the present situation of affairs would not permit to either without our aid, the great body of our people would purchase these conveniencies and luxuries at a more moderate price than they do at present. The manufacturers, on the one hand, and the colonists, on the other, would be discouraged from exerting their usual industry; but the decrease of their industry would not be in as great a ratio as the diminution of their profits; because any long-established productive labourers would rather endure a great diminution of their gains, especially if that diminution were likely to be but temporary, than suffer any material derangement in the conduct of their affairs.' p. 20.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The ensuing article, translated from the French, contains a sketch of the life of one of your wild dreamers, nodding in the arm chair of speculation, and, amid the fumes of a heated head, and the crudities of a bad digestion, fancying that, in the distance, a sort of *shadowy Commonwealth* may be perceived.]

James Harrington, an English political writer, was born in 1611. He was, the descendant of an ancient family in Rutland, and travelled through France, Holland, Denmark, Germany and Italy; refusing to kiss the Pope's foot, and when the King of England demanded the reason, he replied, in the true spirit of a cavalier, that a man who had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand ought not to kiss the feet of any one. This ingenious reply procured him the place of gentleman of the bed chamber, which his sovereign Charles I was pleased to grant. In this service he accompanied the Prince in his first expedition into Scotland. After the deplorable death of that illfated Prince, he secluded himself in his study, and conversed only with his books. His enemies having described him as a dangerous and disaffected person, he was in 1661 first imprisoned in the Tower with the Earl of Bath, and then in the Island of St. Nicholas in the vicinity of Plymouth. A physician, bribed, it is said, by his enemies, prescribed to him poison in his coffee, of which he swallowed so copious a dose, that he lost his senses. The Earl of Bath obtained his liberty, but poor Harrington was now nothing but a mere machine. He died at Westminster, the 17th Sept. 1677, aged 66. His *Political Maxims* were, in the third year of the republic, translated into French, and published in 18mo. by Didot the younger. His works collected by John Toland, were superbly printed at London in folio in 1700, and reprinted in 1737. His principal performance is a *Reverie*, entitled *Oceana*. This exhibits the plan of an *ideal Commonwealth*, and abounds in ingenuity, invention and *absurdities*. His style is neither easy nor flowing, but his subject is important. This work was not at all to the taste either of the fanatic Cromwell, or his minions. A host of critics assailed the *Oceana*, and Harrington was not slow to reply. His vindication is inserted at the end of his works. Of this visionary politician, Montesquieu acutely remarks that he sought liberty, but mistook the Goddess, and that he must needs found a Chalcedonium, with a Byzantium before his eyes.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I know not whether it be with the greater pleasure that I have recognized the signature, H, in the Port Folio, or that I have read the very sensible letter to which it is subscribed. Your correspondent has taken the part I wished; he has replied rather than complained. It was thus that I thought he ought to have faced his former critics, and, in so doing, perhaps have brought Mr. Colon to a full stop, and left his partner not a foot to stand upon.

But, in that controversy, with the details of which, however, he must excuse me, if I am still without leisure to make myself acquainted, I perceive, according to H himself, that he has relied on at least one plank which cannot bear him. The rhymes, or pretended rhymes, *to be found in the best English poets*, are often no rhymes at all. The best English poets are, in this respect, no standard. Modern poets, in other points seldom the best, are almost in all instances accurate in their rhymes; and, in this, they are to be followed.

Again, your correspondent endeavours to set me myself at loggerheads with Messrs. Colon and Spondee (if the gentlemen still keep *shop*, or are even in existence), because I have allowed *wears* and *tears* to be good rhymes, while they say, that *wear* and *fear*, *esteem* and *blame*, are Irishisms. I have indeed shown mercy to *wear* and *fear*, &c. on the principle that the orthography is the same; but, ought *esteem* and *blame* to be mentioned at the same time? Is there any possible defence for these, except, perhaps, the wretched one of precedent? Truly, I

do *estame* these *rhymes*, to have a little bit of the brogue!

When your correspondent heaped Messrs. Colon and Spondee and humble me together, under the denomination of *such critics*, I am confident, that, whatever may be the unalterable force of the phrase, he did not mean to treat any one of us with disrespect; and this the more, because he is alive to the impropriety of calling names. But, from the vice thus mentioned, notwithstanding some bearable features, H hardly thinks that Metoicos is free. Yet it was surely wrong, where the text was incomprehensible, gratuitously to suppose me guilty of this error; when he and the Young Man recollect that the *sensitive-plant* is a mimosa, they will perhaps acquit me of calling names, or at least of names not to be reconciled with, what an old English writer has beautifully called, the *humanitie of words*.

H and myself are still divided, as to the sense of the third stanza,* and as to the general scope of the ode. On the first question, Mr. Oldschool, I must already have so far exhausted your patience, that I will presume to add but little. He asks, why should Horace be *ashamed*, because an intoxicated rival maltreated his mistress? I am not able to refer to my former letter, and rely therefore on H for the faithful citation of any words I may have used; but I know that what was and is, my opinion, imputes to Horace only a very natural sentiment. I suppose him to love Lydia, and therefore to feel strongly her exposure, amid drunken revels. The whole truth of the case is, that Horace speaks of her shoulders as disgraced or degraded *(turparunt)*, but does not tell us in what manner. He says nothing of blows; and the question is, whether blows must be implied?

H tells us, that he believes no instance can be produced, where Horace has spoken of nakedness as a deformity. I can take his word; but my inquiry is, whether to *strip naked*, *to expose*, may never mean *to disgrace* or *to degrade?*

H is not willing to say, that to mention the lesser outrage after the greater is not an anticlimax in composition; but he believes, that, upon most occasions, the greater would be first mentioned, by an angry or injured man. If this be so, then it is no anticlimax in composition; for composion has no law, but this, to adhere to the natural order of things.—But, your correspondent suddenly disengages himself from the debate, and pronounces, that my construction will not bear examination; and, as he immediately afterward levels against me the old story, that *it is easier to find fault than to mend*, I cannot help suspecting, in this place, something of the hyper-irritability, &c. &c. &c. It is true, that in favour of the ladies, he is willing to give up the point; but I hope to keep the point and the ladies too!

H is sorry that Metoicos is offended at the introduction of *fluid;* and his defence is, that the *idea* is in the original: but, my objection was and is, not to the idea, but to the word; and I say, that *lips imbued with Venus' nectar*, and *lips imbued with Venus' nectareous fluid*, are expressions of very unequal beauty. He does me right where he adds, that Metoicos thinks it inconceivable that Venus should imbue kisses in this fluid; but he endeavours to show, that lips and kisses are perfectly synonymous, and warns me not to be too strict as to the literal meaning of every poetical expression. On these topics I shall be as brief as they will allow; but, foreseing that some degree of expansion will be necessary, I should avoid them altogether, did I not know them to be important.

The nature of poetical language is so much misapprehended, even by those, who, because they undertake to treat of it, ought to understand it best, that it will be useful to say a few words of its real principles. Poetical language is not a random dialect. Its literal meaning is to be as rigorously examined as that of the plainest prose, or even the terms of a mathematical problem. Whatever be the range of the imagination, language is good for nothing, unless it strictly express the idea which it is intended to convey. Instead, therefore, of saying, that we are not *to confine every poetical expression to its strict literal*

meaning, we ought to say, *that every poetical thought is not to be confined to strict physical truth*. This must be what is intended by H; and, on this, it will be worth while to bestow some reflection.

The position is entirely correct; but its meaning and value are often much misconceived.

What are poetical thoughts? Thoughts, not limited to the entertainment of the ideas immediately derived from natural objects, but pregnant with feeling and imagination. But, is the imagination subject to no laws? Assuredly it is; and the first in this: That, though it may rise above nature, it must never give it the lie; it may add to nature, but it must never reverse it; it must not place upon its head, that which nature has placed upon its heels; and the reason of all this is very plain: that imagination is wild, is lunatic, which proceeds in any other order, than from the known to the unknown. The story of the ship, the nails of which sprung from her sides, as she approached a rock of loadstone, is a complete example. Nothing is here represented as contrary to nature; the degree only is heightened. The imagination conceives *more* than nature is known to warrant; but not what which nature is known to disprove. The loadstone, the iron nails, are invested each with only their natural properties.

But, for still further illustration, let us suppose, that the same phenomenon were said to have been produced by the singing of a bird. What then? the imagination would still have but conceived *more* than nature is known to warrant, and not any thing contradictory to herself or her laws.

After thus marking out, in the hastiest manner, one of the principles on which we are to judge of poetical thoughts, I return to lips and kisses; and I am to show, why kisses cannot be imbued with any thing. The reason is this, a kiss is an action, not a substance; and it is not within the sphere of the imagination so to alter the nature of things as to make a substance of an action. Must I add, that a substance only can be made the subject of an action! A noun, like *kiss*, denoting an action, may always be attended by an adjective, but never by a verb: thus, we say, a *humid kiss*; but, to *imbue* a kiss, is quite another thing.

I hope it will not be disputed with me, that a kiss is an action, and not a substance? when I ask for a kiss, do I ask for a substance, or for the performance of an action? Whether I say, Give me a kiss, or, Give me a kick, it is an action that I want; and, that actions are not capable of being made the subjects of other actions, I am confirmed in believing, from this, that I can recollect no instance of a verb, in company with the name of an action, except in that single phrase, which so much adorns the English vernacular—*to fetch a walk*.

Mr. Oldschool, after thus turning your thoughts, you will not, I think, agree with H, that *sweet kisses* are words without any meaning, unconnected with an idea of the lips from which they are received; seing, as you must, that *hard kicks* are words with a great deal of meaning, though totally disjoined from all idea of the foot by which they are given; nor will you, as I venture to promise myself, yield your ear too freely to the inference attached, and attempted to be supported by authorities, that lips may be set for kisses, and kisses for lips, *ad libitum*. There are cases in which they may; but, I think it will appear, from what I have advanced, that there are those in which they may not, and that the *oscula quæ Venus imbuit* are of this inconvertible class.

But, H, not content with a war of posts, makes an attack on my whole line. He disagrees with me concerning the tenor and intention of the ode. He will not allow that it was designed to inspire a wanton with sentiment, and reclaim her to love. Lydia, he says, was a coquet, and only amused herself with teazing Horace, about Telephus' sweet neck. H may be right; but, when he argues *ex absurdo*, I am satisfied that he is in the wrong. Lydia might be a wanton, and Horace have a strong sentimental attachment for her; and he might be enraged and grieved,

not, as H is pleased to say that I infer, because Telephus had been permitted to look upon her naked shoulders, but because she was lewdly exposed and insulted; he might so feel the degradation of a wanton, and he might even wish to reclaim and marry such a wanton: all this might be, because such things have been, and because, in a poem, which I shall produce, a man, whose splendor of genius and warmth of feeling justify me in naming him with Horace, has expressed himself in the very tenor which I attributed to this ode. Lord Bolingbroke addressed the lines which follow to Lucy Atkins, who, at the time of his youth, was a celebrated courtezan:

Dear thoughless Clara! to my verse attend;
Believe, for once, thy lover and thy friend!
Heaven to each sex has various gifts assign'd,
And shown an equal care of human kind:
Strength does to man's imperial race belong;
To yours that beauty which subdues the strong;
But as our strength, when misapplied, is lost,
And what should save, urges our ruin most;
Just so, when beauty prostituted lies,
Of bawds the prey, of rakes the abandon'd prize,
Women no more their empire can maintain,
Nor hope, vile slaves of lust! by love to reign:
Superior charms but make their case the worse,
And, what should be their blessing, proves their curse!
O nymph, that might, reclin'd on Cupid's breast,
Like Psyche, soothe the god of love to rest;
Or, if ambition mov'd thee, Jove enthral,
Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall,
Survey thyself! contemplate every grace
Of that sweet form, of that angelic face!
Then, Clara, say, were those delicious charms
Meant for lewd brothels and rude ruffian's arms?
No, Clara, no! that person and that mind
Were form'd by nature, and by heaven design'd,
For nobler ends; to these return, though late,
Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
Think, Clara! think—nor will that though be vain—
Thy slave, thy Harry, doom'd to drag his chain
Of love, ill treated and abus'd, that he,
From more inglorious chains might rescue thee.
Thy drooping health restor'd, by his fond care,
Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear;
Mov'd by his love, by his example taught,
Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
With kind and generous truth thy bosom warm,
And thy fair mind, like thy fair person, charm!
To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,
By all admired, by one alone ador'd,
Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
And live for him, who more than dies for you!

Mr. Oldschool, in my second letter on the Pursuits of Literature (Port Folio, No. 40), I am made to say, that the author of that poem has spoken of Rousseau once with *humanity* and *derision;* it should be, *decision*. In my final quotation, there is also a slight mistake. It should not be, 'Satirical writing I must submit to the imputation of ill-nature;' but 'Satirical writing must submit, &c.' I may add, though it is a matter of less importance, that, in the second column of the last page, before *unremovable stain*, should be read, *only*.

In giving my explanation of the words, *But, if the laurel which I have now planted, &c.* I have fallen into an error, immaterial as to the sense of the passage, but material to my sense of the justice due to the critic whom I oppose. I wrote under the impression that it was he who had made the word *now* emphatical. I have to beg his pardon. It was the author. But, nevertheless, the author means, as I have said, 'If the laurel which I have *now* PLANTED should thicken round the temple 'of my retirement, the pillars will support it.' By the emphasis, on *now*, he only means to mark, that he has *now*, and *not before*, made an effort of a public nature; that he has *now*, and *not before*, planted, that is, made *an attempt* to rear, a tree; while, in the terms, *if it should thicken*, he speaks under the conviction that it *may not*. But, he says, with a noble self-gratulation, *if it do*, my temple will bear the weight; the pillars will not give way; the materials are solid, and the ground is firm.

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[Mr. Oldschool,

The celebrated Servin, whose character is drawn by the Duke of Sully in his memoirs, appears to be an instance of a total absence of the moral faculty, while the chasm, produced thereby, seems to have been filled up by a more than common extension of every other power of the mind. I take the liberty to transmit you a short history of this prodigy of vice and knowledge.] O.

"Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and of an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing that could be known—of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted,—and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he once learned. He possessed all parts of philosophy, and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing. Even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher, whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant, for and against the reformed religion indifferently. He not only understood Greek—Hebrew—and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons, or modern dialects. He accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners both of the several nations of Europe, and particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of these countries: and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully. He was moreover the best comedian, and the greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had wrote many verses. He played upon almost all instruments—was a perfect master of music—and sung most agreeably and justly. He likewise could say mass, for he was of a disposition to do, as well as know, all things. His body was perfectly well suited to his mind. He was light, nimble, and dexterous, and fit for all exercise. He could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired. There are not any recreative games that he did not know, and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal. Here it appeared, that he was treacherous—cruel—cowardly—deceitful—a liar—a cheat—a drunkard and a glutton—a sharper in play—immersed in every species of vice—a blasphemer—an atheist.—In a word—in him might be found all the vices that are contrary to nature—honor—religion—and society,—the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath; for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

LEVITY.

From an English Publication.

If our dramatic writers are not witty in themselves, they are at least the cause that there is wit in other men. It has been for some time their practice to give their performances such titles as may lead to puns, and other species of inferior wit, and perhaps there may be prudence in this. They are but borrowing a hint from the authors of former times, who threw all their wit into the title-pages of their books: and, as Harry Fielding says, very wisely, because very few people read much further. However, Sir, the case is somewhat different with plays: but wherein the difference consists, I shall not be so rude as to state.

My purpose in these few lines is to inform you, that since the appearance of "*Matrimony, a Farce,*" at one of our Theatres, there is nothing to be heard in the circles I perambulate, whether learned, grave, gay, or youthful, but a succession of puns and witticisms at the expense of the connubial state; and, I am sorry to say it, the *ladies* are among the most forward in this pop-gun exchange of *bon mots*. A shrewd listener may make another farce out of them, as witty, to the full, as any of our modern dramas can exhibit.

Pray, ma'am, how do you like *Matrimony?*—Why, Sir, the first act goes off very well, but the second hangs very

heavy. Pray how do you like *Matrimony?*—Oh, I am no judge of it, but it is very laughable. But I wonder they did not make a full piece of *Matrimony.* —Nay, some people say, the shorter the better.—Is there much plot in *Matrimony?*—Not much; a little contrivance to bring the parties together: but one may soon see how it will end.—I suppose it will bring a good deal of money to the house; —Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke. No; *Matrimony* is more likely to take a good deal of money out of a house.—You have seen it a second time, I think, my lord?—Yes, but faith I do not like it so well as the first. *(A loud laugh.)* Well, but really these kind of things seldom do above once; no, *Matrimony* will not bear repetition: it don't improve upon one.—Pray, Sir John, have you seen *Matrimony?*—No, my lady, I have enough of that at home; 'pon honour, it ought to have been called a tragedy.—Oh fye, Sir John!—Nay my lady, it is so dull, and such abundance of crying.—Is there good scenery in *Matrimony?*—A tolerable chamber-scene in the first act, and after that there is a good deal of shifting of scene; I wonder there was no perspective of *Doctors' Commons.*—Why, truly, I expected as much, when I observed the interest fall off.—Well, after all, my lord, I am not for having *Matrimony* brought on the stage to be laughed at.—Oh, my lady dowager, I assure you there is not much laughing; it is grave enough for real life.—How are the performers?—Why pretty well, considering few of them are acquainted with the subject.—Well, truly, I wonder what they will bring out next!—Why, *The Divorce*, to be sure; and that, some of us know, will *bring money* to a house.

I might, Mr. Editor, fill your Miscellany with these jokes, but I am unwilling to anticipate some of the newspapers which deal in nothing else; and if I have saved any of the writers the trouble of gnawing his fingers, and scratching his head for half an hour, I shall not think much of my labor in minuting down the essence of the wit of two routs, and three tea-parties.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.
OLD BALLAD.

Now, now I yield, I yield to love;
Once Cupid me to love persuaded;
My careless mind he could not move,
No argument nor reason aided.

Instant he seiz'd the forceful bow,
To war his golden quiver rattled,
Arm'd cap-a-pie from top to toe;
With Cupid's might I vainly battled.

The dart he flung: trembling, I flew;
Enrag'd, for emptied was his quiver;
Full on my breast himself he threw,
And pierc'd my heart, and shot my liver.

In vain, alas! the shield I bear,
Nor corslet guards, nor spear avails me:
No more of outward arms I care;
For, ah, within the foe assails me.

Some philosophers have considered volcanoes as vents communicating with the fires of the center, and the ignorant as the mouths, of hell itself. Astonishment produces fear, and fear superstition. The inhabitants of Iceland believe the bellowings of Hecla are nothing else but the torments of the damned, and its eruptions are contrived to encrease their tortures.

The world may be considered as one vast mansion, where man has been admitted to enjoy, to admire and be grateful. The first desires of savage nature are merely to gratify the importunities of sensual appetite and to neglect the contemplation of things barely satisfied with their enjoyment: the beauties of nature and all the wonders of creation have but little charms for a being occupied in obviating the wants of the day, and anxious for precarious subsistance.

An use that may result from the contemplation of celestial magnificence is that it will teach us to make an allowance for the apparent irregularities we find below. Whenever we can examine the works of the Deity at the proper point of distance, so as to take in the whole of his design, we see nothing but uniformity, beauty, and precision. The heavens present us with a plan which, though inexpressibly magnificent, is yet regular beyond the power of invention.

Whenever, therefore, we find any apparent defects in the earth, instead of attempting to reason ourselves into an opinion that they are beautiful, it will be wiser to say that we do not behold them at the proper point of distance, and that our eye is laid too close to the objects to take in the regularity of their connexion; in short, we may conclude that God, who is regular in his great productions, acts with equal uniformity in little.

It is not, says the elegant editor of Lady Montague's works, to discriminate her *epistolary* writings with unmerited commendation, to assert that in them are combined the solid judgment of Rochefoucault, without his misanthropy, and the sentimental elegance of the marchioness Sevigné, without her repetition and feebleness.

"It is our intention to give occasionally some of the shorter productions of BURNS, a poet whose name we never hear without emotion. Unless our readers possess his works, they have not heard many of his strains for the last three or four years, though few pieces of poetry will wear better. He never is indifferent; but we should moreover remark, that his lyric composition would excite much deeper interest, if we at once felt the peculiar force and tenderness of Scotch airs. Burns's sensibility and warmth of imagination rendered him incapable of resisting the charms of the fair, at the same time that he possessed no feeble power over the female heart. Passing his youth on the delightful banks of the Ayr, he rather imprudently, perhaps, formed an early attachment, to which the following song relates. "It was written, (says the bard himself) on one of the most interesting passages of my life." *Troy Gaz.*

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE——"CATHERINE OGIE."

Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first anfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on eagle wing,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
The heart that loe'd me dearly!
But still, within my bosom's core.
Shall live my Highland Mary.

GLOSSARY.—Braes, declivities—o', of—drumlie, muddy—simmer, summer--unfauld, unfold—langest, longest—birk, birch—dearie, softer expression for dear—Wi' mony, with many—fu', full—aft, oft—oursels, ourselves—sae, so—cauld's cold's—hae, have—ay, ever—dwalt, dwelt—loe'd loved.

Extract from a recent poem entitled 'Glasgow.'

['Langside is a small village, about two miles south from Glasgow. The hill above this village is memorable for being the scene of the last effort of the unfortunate MARY, Queen of Scots, to regain her crown and dignity from the regent Murray. Mary, under the painful agitation of great passions, beheld the battle from a rising ground. A hawthorn-bush, commonly known there by the name of Queen Mary's Thorn, marked the spot where she stood, till it decayed by age; but another has lately been planted in its place, by the proprietor of the ground, to preserve the remembrance of this interesting circumstance.']

Or at Langside past scenes review,
And round yon thorn my sighs renew;
Where, when the vanquish'd squadrons flew
That came to find her,
Lorn Mary bade a long adieu
To regal splendor.

Aft, Crookstone, frae thy castle wa,
The beugle horn was heard to blaw:
Again she cast a look, and saw
Thy stately towers—
Lang ling'ring, till the last huzza
O' rebel powers.

Nae troops to guard her in her flight,
Nae friends that durst assert her right;
Nae bower-maids now, with fond delight,
Their cares employ,
To cheer at morn, or soothe at night,
Her great annoy.

To where Dundrennan Abbey lay,
Far in the wilds of Galloway,
O'er moss, o'er moor, up bank and brae,
The mourner goes;
Nae mair, frae that disastrous day,
To taste repose.

Still at Langside, in hillocks green,
The traces of the camp are seen;
Still fancy paints the conflict keen,
And figures there
The angel form o' Scotland's queen,
In deep despair.

Among the various productions of the British Poets, on the prospect of invasion, the following has been highly applauded.—It is from the chaste pen of CAMPBELL, the celebrated author of the "*Pleasures of Hope.*"

Our bosoms we'll bare for the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust...
God bless the green isle of the brave;
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
It would rouse the old dead from the grave.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

In Britain's sweet home shall the spoiler abide,
Profaning its love and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the lov'd fair at our side?
To arms! Oh my country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen?...
No!
Their head to the sword shall be given:..
Let a death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an off'ring to heaven.
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

EXTRACT

From "*Love and Satire,*" a small volume of poetical correspondence, between a young Lady and Gentleman, lately published in *London.*

TO ELIZA, WITH A DOVE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, the most delighful bird,
That ever Venus to her chariot bound:
By Love adopted, and by Peace preferr'd,
For meekness valu'd, and for faith renown'd.

A bird, in which such rare perfections meet
Alone is worthy to be counted thine:
His beauty, fair one, is, like your's, complete,
And his fidelity resembles mine."

JULIUS.

"TO JULIUS, WITH A GOOSE.

SWAIN, I accept your all-accomplished Dove,
With rapture listen to his plaintive moan,
And vow with constancy the bird to love,
Whose beauty thus *reminds me of my own.*

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
For such a mark of tenderness conferr'd;
So song for song be thine, and boon for boon,
Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird for bird.

Lo, the best fowl that Lincoln can produce,
My choice has singled from a *tuneful* group;
Accept, *sweet Bard,* from me, as *Great a Goose,*
As e'er was fattened in a poult'rer's coop.

Your verse the merit of the Dove displays;
The compliments I pay my bird are few;
Yet 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of praise,
To say how strongly he resembles *you.*

ELIZA.

NO JOKING WITH THE BELLY.

BY GARRICK.

To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roasted.
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip—
"Here, bring this boil'd and roasted pray."
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner, kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was *no joking with the belly.*

MR. EDITOR,

On reading an account in a late paper that the inhabitants of several of our seaports were destroying the ornaments of their streets, in Lombardy poplars, lest they should generate a poisonous worm, I could not but think their fears were unfounded; and learning that a cat had been applied to a worm found on one, and came off without receiving or giving injury, except killing the worm, I could not but attempt to ridicule what I believe to be an unnecessary alarm, by a parody of Goldsmith's poem of the Mad Dog. You may publish it if you please.

Ye gentle cits of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And as you'll find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Philadelphia liv'd a cat,
Of whom her race might say,
No reptile but a mouse or rat
This harmless cat would slay.

With every other living thing,
Poor Puss would play and pur,
And dogs would stop "without'en" strife,
And "stroant on stanes" with her.

And in this city was a worm,
As many worms there be,
Earth, *Tape*, and those that active squirm,
And *Muck* of low degree.

This worm, like man, for food when prest
Indulg'd his craving maw,
And, as the poplar it lik'd best,
Its tender leaves would gnaw.

The cat one day sprang up the tree,
A place an ideot knows,
Was never made for her, and she
Was bitten on the nose.

The cits aveng'd her fate so sad,
By *felling* far and nigh,
And while they swore the worm was mad,
They swore the cat must die.

Their wits too late these wise ones found,
And wish'd their shame to hide,
For Puss recover'd of the wound,
The worm it was that died.

[*Farmers' Museum.*]

FROM THE DOVER, N. H. "SUN."

MELANCHOLY.

The Paduan stage CARLINI once could boast,
Whose pow'rs, we fear, are now forever lost.
A single glance of eye, a look,
A movement of his hand upon the stage,
The fascinating force of comic took,
And laughter split the sides of frozen age.
A gentleman with wo-struck face,
One morning to a Paduan doctor came,
And begg'd old Galen to explore his case,
And then prescribe, relying on his fame.
"'Tis MELANCHOLY, Doctor, such a gloom,
As shortly must consign me to the tomb"—
The doctor shook his head—"A sore disease!
But don't despair, Ill give you just a hint,
Go hear CARLINI, he will give you ease,
And cure you too, or else the Devil's in't.
Alas, replied the comic, all is o'er—
I am CARLINI, who, with boundless folly,
Set list'ning thousands in the loudest roar,
Yet am myself a prey to MELANCHOLY!

In the following good-humoured old song, there occurs more than one tolerable description of *careless* content.

Contented I am and contented I'll be,
Resolved in this life to live happy and free;
With the cares of this world I am seldom perplex'd;
I'm sometimes uneasy, but never am vex'd,
Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,
But more who live worse than live better than me.

"My life is a compound of freedom and ease;
I go where I will and return when I please,
I live above envy, I live above strife;
And wish I had judgment to choose a good wife!
I'm neither so high nor so low in degree;
But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

"Did you know how delightful my gay moments pass,
With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass!
I'm happy while with her, contented alone,
My wine is my kingdom, my cask is my throne;
My glass is the sceptre, by which I shall reign,
And my whole Privy Council's a flask of champaign.

"When money comes in, I live well till it's gone,
While I have it I'm happy, contented with none;
If I lose it at gaming, I count I but lent;
If I spend it genteelly, I never repent.
Thus in mirth and good humour my gay moments pass;
And on Saturday night I am just as I was.

Copied from a Pawnbroker's window in the country: 'To be sold a *pare* of *pistol's* that will *shute* any Gentleman.'

[*Lon. pa.*]

Gibbon observes of one of his ancestors that he resided upwards of a twelvemonth in the rising colony of Virginia. In this remote province, his taste or rather his passion for heraldry found a singular gratification at a war-dance of the native Indians. As they moved in measured steps, brandishing their tomahawks, his curious eye contemplated their little shields of bark and their naked bodies, which were painted with the colours and symbols of his favourite science, " at which I exceedingly wondered, and concluded that heraldry was ingrafted *naturally* into the sense of the human race. His return to the England, *after the restoration*, was soon followed by his introduction into the Herald's college, by the style and title of Blue Mantle Pursuivant at arms. In this office he enjoyed near fifty years the rare felicity of uniting in the same pursuit his duty and inclination: his name is remembered in the college, and many of his letters are still preserved. Several of the most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Mr. Ashmole, Dr. John Betts, and Mr. Nehemiah Grew, were his friends. The study of hereditary honours is favourable to the royal prerogative; and my kinsman, like most of his family, was a high Tory both in Church and State. In the latter end of the reign of Charles II, his pen was exercised in the cause of the Duke of York. The republican faction he most cordially detested; and, as each animal is conscious of its proper arms, the herald's revenge was emblazoned on a most diabolical escutcheon.

The mind of Mirabeau was vigorous, comprehensive, and acute. With the quickness of thought, variety of knowledge and happiness of expression which constitute eloquence, he also possessed that power of voice which is necessary to give it full effect in a numerous assembly. To a talent for repartee he joined the powers of profound reasoning; so that he was equally prepared to disconcert his opponent with sarcasm or to refute him by argument.

Although his features were harsh and his person clumsy, he had the art of rendering himself agreeable to women; an art which too often he used to libertine purposes, and, as it is asserted, with greater success than many whose intentions were equally profligate, and their persons better formed for seduction.

His excessive love of pleasure would have tended to render him completely dissipated, and of course left him ignorant, had he not employed the long intervals of confinement and retirement that his debaucheries and want of money obliged him to, in studies, which, with little health and more riches, he would have neglected.

Law Decision.—Court of Session, Scotland. Black *v.* the Owners of a Coal-pit.—Black returning home on horseback, in a dark night, by a road leading through the Defendant's estate, fell into a coal-pit, and was drowned. The pit for many years has been abandoned, and the mouth had been surrounded by a wall of stone and lime, which, at the time of the accident, was about 18 inches high; it lay about four feet from the road, which had been a road used by the proprietor, when the coal was formerly wrought, but which was also frequently used by the neighbourhood. The action was brought by the children of the deceased, for reparation for the loss sustained by the death of their father. The Lords found the Defendant liable in damage 1.800, and expenses 1.100.—[*Lon. pap.*]

Mrs. Billington, when at Oxford, was attended by a certain gentleman, with unremitting assiduity. One day, as he was walking with her in a garden of the colleges, the lady had occasion to step aside for the same purpose as Yorick's friend, Madame de Rambouillet. A wit passing by, and seeing the faithful squire stand loutishly gaping about him, exclaimed, from Horace,

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.

A Bill was lately before the Legislature of *Pennsylvania*, to divorce a woman from her husband. A member, who made a long speech in favor of it, concluded, hoping it would pass, for he understood that the husband had been dead some years.

THEATRICAL.

It is now understood that Mrs. Whitlock is engaged to perform at Drury-lane, and will shortly embark for her native country, in order to fulfil that engagement.—It will be recollected that this Lady arrived here in 1793, being one of the first company collected by the late Mr. Wignell for the New Theatre.—Having been regarded in England as an actress of superior merit, and honoured with being designated as the most fit of her contemporaries to succeed her sister, the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons, public expectation was raised high on her arrival; and, it may be confidently asserted, that this expectation has not been disappointed. While Mrs. W. continued to play in this city, she uniformly received the applause of those whom alone she desired to please, the liberal and the judicious. In the other theatres of the United States she has been equally successful, and has met with the same reward, the praise of those who have a right to pronounce on the pretensions of an actor. In Boston and Charleston, as here, she is regarded as *unrivalled* on our American boards, in that line of acting for which the *Kembles* seem to have been destined by nature, the higher walks of Tragedy. With professional talents so great, and with public opinion so favourable, it has been a matter of wonder that the manager (or the *Managcress*) of our Theatre has suffered Mrs. W. to remain in our city without offering her an engagement for the present season! So it is, however; and the motive for this neglect, in despite of the wishes and the expectation of the public, and the absolute want of her talents to enable the present company to support many of the most valuable and popular pieces with decency, must be enquired of by those who are acquainted with the influence of little illiberal jealousies (sometimes to be found where there is no pretension to rivalry) and *Green-room* dislikings. The public, however, have a right to complain; and their voice will be heard.

As it is now impossible that Mrs. W. should enter into any engagement of long continuance, it is yet hoped that Mr. Warren will act with a manly firmness and independence, and offer her an inducement to perform during her stay here. The admirers of the Drama will derive great gratification from having once again an opportunity of seeing the talents of a Whitlock and a Fennell combined in the support of some of Shakespeare's best Tragedies, and, whether direct profit, or the eventual advantage which the *servants of the public* always derive from regarding public opinion, be considered by Mr. Warren, it is believed that he will find sufficient reason to indulge it in this respect.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"A Rambler" has engaged himself in a minute inquiry respecting a sort of *short cut*, to the abodes of happiness, and has embarrassed himself as much in determining his "choice of life," as ever did Rasselas, Nekayah and Imlac. We cannot avoid calling the attention of our correspondent to an old song, one stanza of which POMFRET, GREEN and DR. AIKIN would approve.

Dear Sam, who the camp and the pulpit hast try'd,
You ask me what *sort of a life* I would chuse?
Why to manage *my own little farm* is my pride,
And to *lounge where I like in my dirty old shoes.*

"Solus" seems to exult in the privileges of a bachelor. We know not whether his theory be perfectly just, but whatever may be our opinion of his philosophy, his favourite poetry is something like the following:

Though one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvex'd I live a single life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher.

The reflections of "Penseroso," on the powers of man, even when he has the keys of his chamber, and can wander where he will, were probably suggested by a noted song, one stanza of which we remember.

What was't made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas because he could not wander
Beyond the world's strong prison gate.
The world itself is strongly bounded,
By the Heavens and Stars above;
Why should we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

" A tender tale, and worth a tear,
Peruse it, friend, and drop it here."

'Mid Caledonia's ever hoary hills,
Which raise their head and feed its blacken'd rills,
There, long, Arides grac'd his native land,
Of ample fortune, and of lib'ral hand;
He often sooth'd the weary plaint of wo,
And gave the needy joys of bliss to know.
An only daughter, like the morning fair,
Chiefly engag'd the anxious father's care;
He saw the rose its op'ning leaves expand,
And wish'd to plant it in some happy land,
Beneath whose sun it might forever bloom,
And ne'er expect harsh winter's blasting doom;
When, to fulfil the father's kind desire,
A gen'rous swain confess'd his glowing fire.
But who can bear the sad reverse of fate!
Arides, now with ev'ry joy elate,
(By duty call'd to plow the briny wave)
Was caught by Turks, and made a drudging slave;
His wife and daughter left on Thule's shore,
A weeping train, whom he shall see no more!
But chief Cleandra's fate the father mourn'd,
He knew a wretch whose offer'd love she spurn'd;
And, as his presence only check'd his rage,
His soul was fill'd with every dread presage,
Lest now the fiend should find the luckless maid,
Aghast, and force her to his hated bed.
The sad Arides thus his grief exprest,
'Heav'n only sees and knows what suits us 'best,—
'Resign'd, my fate with fortitude I'll bear,
'Heav'n too, the helpless virgin's cry shall 'hear:
'Sad are my thoughts, and heavy hangs the 'gloom,
'But 'tis just Heav'n that gives our final 'doom;
'And why should pensive mortals e'er com-'plain,
'Since none of Heav'n's decrees are made 'in vain!'
Long did his wond'ring spouse wait his return,
Mid ceaseless fears, and for his absence mourn.
At last, to her the afflicting tale was told,
'That good Arides to a Turk was sold,
'That now a slave in Turkish land he liv'd,
'Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy bereav'd!'
O'er ev'ry face a pale dejection ran,
A pious sorrow for the worthy man!
Nerar alone with unmoist eye was seen,
He thought with pleasure on the gloomy scene,
And deem'd the period, long desir'd, was near,
When he should seize the maid (o'erwhelm'd with fear),
(Her lover gone her long lost sire to find
Mid realms where dwell the dregs of human kind),
Exult o'er all her trembling, lovely charms,
And force her to his (well known) hated arms.
His plot thus laid, the tyrant calls his train,
And at the dead of night bounds o'er the plain;
Surrounds with armed guards the lofty pile,
And knocks, (O monster of envenom'd guile),
And tells the maid the welcome news he bore,
'That good Arides bless'd his native shore.'
Cheer'd with the thought, forth rush the drooping train,
(Ah! now their best precaution's all in vain)
The welcome messenger to see, who brought
The wish'd-for news that gladden'd ev'ry thought.
But who the sad emotions can repress,
That wildly ran o'er ev'ry pallid face,
When Nerar to their anxious gaze appear'd,
Whose threat'ning aspect ev'ry woman fear'd!
He clasp'd within his arms the fainting maid,
And straight unto his lordly seat convey'd!
Her mother tortur'd with each gloomy thought,
Cleandra still with eager voice she sought,
Till her weak fabric with the conflict tir'd,
She breath'd a pray'r to Heav'n—and thus expir'd!
Thro' all the Afric realms her lover roam'd,
To find her wretched sire, tho' but entomb'd,
But all in vain—with heavy steps he hies
Unto the shore where Scotia's mountains rise,
The life-embitt'ring tidings to impart,
Which deeply pierc'd his sympathetic heart.
Unto the dome he comes, and enters straight;
Ah! little thinking of the unhappy fate
Which destiny, unfathom'd in its ways,
Had giv'n to him, to mar his latter days!
With dreadful rage the lover's breast was fill'd,
And dire revenge thro' all his bosom thrill'd;
In wildest phrenzy on his knees he vow'd,
(Amid the gazing throng and melting croud)
That he should well revenge Cleandra's fate,
And shew that justice comes, tho' sometimes late.
Firm to his end he mounts his well-train'd steed,
And quick as thought bounds o'er the grassy mead,—
Arrives at Nerar's dome with hasty strides,
And seeks his foe without the help of guides.

Him found, he thus accosts—'Traitor at-
'tend
'My steps to yonder field, and meet your
'end
'Deserv'd—I fight in injur'd virtue's cause,
'Against the wretch who spurns bright ho-
'nor's laws.
'If e'er your savage breast true courage
'warm'd,
'My call attend.'—At this the wretch a-
larm'd,
Girds on his sword, and hastes to meet his foe,
Who stood prepar'd to deal the fatal blow.
Now both upon the field of war appear,
To flash the polish'd sword, and whirl the
spear;
For both to deeds of arms had well been
train'd,
And each, enrag'd, submission base dis-
dain'd!
But the bright hope of Heav'n's protecting
arm,
To guard his steps, and shield from ev'ry
harm,
Inspir'd Eudoxus' breast with martial ire,
Which glow'd intensely bright, a flaming
fire.
"Receive your doom"—he said; upon the
word
Deep in his trunk he plung'd the shining
sword!
The traitor fell—and with his latest breath
Implor'd eternal vengeance at his death!
Eudoxus hastes to pay his ardent vows
Unto Cleandra his betrothed spouse.
High in a room, in silken robes array'd,
Dissolv'd in tears he found the beauteous
maid,—
'Retire,' she said (when to her view ap-
pear'd
The object of her love so much endear'd)
'Your presence once was wont to cheer my
'ways
'And add a heighten'd pleasure to my days;
'But oh! since then what change'—she said
no more,
The purple dye forsook her cheek all o'er.
Quite overcome by the resistless storm,
She sunk to rest, a lifeless faded form.
He clasp'd her clay-cold body in his arms,
And gaz'd in silence on her fading charms,—
'Awake, my love, your own Eudoxus calls,
'Awake and leave with me these hated
walls;'
He said, and press'd her pale lip to his own,
While from his breast arose a heavy groan.
'To speak will not my own Cleandra deign?—
'Alas! the thought how impious and vain,
'That feeble man e'er in this world of wo
'Shall true content and real pleasure know!
'Her happy, spotless soul, now longs for
'mine
'To share its bliss and in its pleasures join.
'O lend me, Heav'n, thine own propitious
'aid,
'To lead to realms whose pleasures never
'fade.'
Thus spoke the love-sick swain, while
from his thigh
He drew the fatal sword with placid eye.
He thrust the blade into his naked breast,
And calmly sunk into his native rest!
He and Cleandra in one grave were laid,
And both enjoy the quiet of the dead!
But now Arides from his bondage freed,
To see his long-lost friends prepares with
speed:
But, lest the muse in her essay should fail,
His soul to paint, and all its passions tell,
I humbly leave each gen'rous breast to show
Its own ideas of his speechless wo.

J. M. Q—t—n.

On a Lady, who would not be named or praised.

Matchless virtue, not presuming,
Modest sense, without assuming,
Even temper, taste refin'd,
Art with Nature nicely join'd;
Carriage strict, and full of ease,
Open mien that strives to please;
Ready wit, but not severe,
Fit to please the gravest ear;
Wisdom all her paths inspects,
All her actions truth directs;
Yet I must conceal her name,
Praise like mine but wrongs her fame.

IMPROMPTU,

Occasioned by a Lady's swallowing a tooth.

A Lady, forsooth,
Having swallow'd a tooth,
Would fain know the case of the woful dis-
aster:
Then let this *fair scold*
Be instantly told
That the goddess term'd *Blind*,
As a curse to mankind,
Has knock'd out a tooth that her tongue
might run faster!

SEDLEY.

EPIGRAME.

L'autre jour, au fond d'un vallon,
Un serpent piqua Jean Fréron;
Que pensez-vous, qu'il arriva?
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

VOLTAIRE.

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